

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Fred the Technician.

Chorley Little Theatre.

Haunting Manifestation.

Fred is one of several entities said to haunt the site, other others being a shadowy figure seen on stage, a man wearing a trilby, a Victorian woman with a child, and an actress.

In the quaint town of Chorley, nestled amidst the rolling hills of England, there stood a charming little theater with a history as rich as its crimson curtains. The Chorley Little Theatre, they called it, had been the heart and soul of the community for generations. But it wasn't just the living who graced its stage; it was also home to several entities from the other side.

One chilly evening in the early 2010s, a seasoned technician named Fred was hard at work backstage. Fred had been a fixture at the theater for years, known for his meticulous attention to detail and his unshakable dedication to the craft. He was a grizzled man with a kind heart, and he had seen his fair share of strange occurrences within the theater's dimly lit corridors.

As Fred fiddled with the control panel, preparing for an upcoming performance, he couldn't help but sense the presence of something otherworldly. It was a feeling he'd grown accustomed to over the years, as the Chorley Little Theatre had a reputation for being haunted. He'd often heard stories from fellow technicians and actors about ghostly figures roaming the theater's hallowed halls.

Tonight was no exception. As he adjusted a spotlight, he caught a glimpse of a shadowy figure out of the corner of his eye. It stood on the stage, casting a long, eerie silhouette against the backdrop. Fred knew it wasn't a member of the cast or crew; it was something beyond the realm of the living.

Despite the chill that ran down his spine, Fred approached the stage cautiously. The shadowy figure seemed to flicker, as if it were unsure whether to reveal itself or retreat into the darkness. Fred spoke softly, addressing the presence.

"Who are you?" he asked, his voice trembling slightly. "Why are you here?"

The figure remained silent, its form shifting like smoke in the dim light. It seemed to beckon Fred closer, its intentions unclear. As he stepped onto the stage, he noticed another apparition, this time a man wearing a trilby hat and a long overcoat. The two spirits stood side by side, their presence becoming more tangible with each passing moment.

Fred, being a pragmatic man, had always approached these encounters with curiosity rather than fear. He believed that understanding the entities that inhabited the theater was key to coexisting peacefully with them. With a deep breath, he decided to address both spirits.

"Are you here to tell a story?" Fred inquired, thinking of the countless plays and performances that had graced the stage. "Or perhaps you're here because you loved the theater as much as I do?"

The spirits seemed to waver, as if acknowledging his words. In that moment, Fred felt a sense of connection with them, a shared love for the arts that transcended the boundaries of life and death.

As the days turned into weeks and months, Fred continued to share the stage with these spectral companions. The Victorian woman with a child would sometimes appear, her eyes filled with longing, while an actress from a bygone era would dance gracefully across the boards, her ethereal laughter echoing in the empty theater.

The Chorley Little Theatre became a sanctuary not only for the living but also for the souls that lingered between worlds. Fred, the seasoned technician, had found himself in the company of

both the living and the dead, united by their love for the magic of the stage. In the end, it didn't matter if the theater was haunted, for Fred knew that every creaky floorboard and flickering light was a testament to the enduring power of the arts. And as long as the curtains rose, he and the spirits of Chorley Little Theatre would continue to create moments of wonder and enchantment for all who ventured into its hallowed halls.

By Donald Jay